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AN ODE
FOR
THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

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VICTORIA, Queen of many lands,
A nation's loyal greeting take,
That stretches from Pacific sands
To where th' Atlantic surges break.

Five millions of thy subjects hail
Another year's auspicious close,
That sees in harmony prevail
The thistle, shamrock and the rose ;

And o'er thy ever-wid'ning realm
Sees love nor loyalty abate ;
Still patriot statesmen hold the helm
And safely guide the ship of State.

O, Queen of Britain, whose proud flag
Floats over continent and sea,
Believe us that we do not lag
Behind the rest in love of thee.

Deem not that 'mid thy sons of Ind,
By storied stream and sacred fane,
Thou canst a warmer welcome find,
A people's deeper love obtain.

Australia's sons no recreants prove,
No traitors to their Mother-land;
Still stronger grows that nation's love;
Whose heritage is Afric's strand.

We, in this northern clime, no less,
Are bound to thee by ties most dear,
And hope that Providence may bless
Thee more with each revolving year.

For the same fate that haply forms
The giant of the Austral seas,
The nation by the Cape of Storms,
Moulds our Canadian destinies.

O, Mother-land across the sea,
A thousand years have come and gone
Since Egbert saved thy liberty,
And welded Britain into one.

Through that long past thy glories shine,
Thy flag has never yet been furled;
Still nations kindle at thy shrine
The light of freedom for the world.

Where'er has rung the tyrant's knell,
Where'er secure doth freedom smile,
Unnumbered millions wish thee well,
Thou little sea-girt northern isle.

Nor these alone, for thou hast been
The hope of all of those that strive,
In fastnesses and wilds of sin,
To keep the lamp of truth alive.

Thy boast has been to help and save
The poor, the weak, and the oppressed;
To strike the tyrant, free the slave.
And aid the triumph of the best.

Should we, thy sons, less grateful be
Than those whom ties less strong compel?
No! all the more we honour thee,
Who 'neath thy kindly sceptre dwell.

Shall grand old England perish? Nay!

Her myriad sons shall round her stand,
And, back to back, shall guard for aye,
In freedom's cause, her sacred strand.

Should ancient foes, who deemed he slept,
Essay to strike that lion old,
Let them beware the vigil kept
By Britain's offspring brave and bold.

They who would doubt the lion's might
Forget his sons the wide world o'er,
Who, swift to battle for the right,
Would fight as they have fought before.

No! Britain dies not. Many a day
Her red-cross flag shall proudly fly
O'er new-born states that own her sway.
And help to shape her destiny.

From Canada, O Queen, receive
The loyal greetings of this day;
Not traitors we, but, we believe,
Thine Empire's safest, surest stay.

We love the land our fathers made,
We treasure up its glorious past,
And 'neath that flag's endearing shade
We mean to dwell while time shall last.

